

Wanna Feel Something Bigger Than Us by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

It's the end of senior year, and Keith has to accept the fact that prom exists, Lance is going to ask him to go with him, and he's probably going to make it as dramatic and sappy as he can.

And Keith's not sure if he minds.

NSFW sequel to [C'Mon and Dizzy Me Up](#) (but reads fine as a stand-alone too)

Wanna Feel Something Bigger Than Us

Author's Note:

Title is, again, from *Shake Me Up* by the Mowgli's, AKA my #1 Klance jam.

I just wanted to write a cute sequel where Lance asks Keith to prom, not 24 pages of emotions. But hey, here's 24 pages of emotions!

Quick Warning: Lance mentions previous underage sex (he and Keith are both over 18 in the present)

Also a warning: the latter half of this is largely unedited because I want to go to sleep now.

Since the Student Council had put up the posters announcing the date of the senior prom, Keith had seen no less than three guys elaborately ask a girl to be their date. It was a whole lot of banners, bouquets, and one uncomfortably bad rendition of *I'm Yours* on ukulele. Keith thought that if the only instrument you knew how to play was a ukulele, and on top of everything, you didn't know how to sing, you probably shouldn't be publicly performing.

"You want me to do that for you?" Lance asked, just as the song ended and the girl tearfully accepted like the guy was giving her a ring instead of singing some Jason Mraz.

"If you serenade me, I'll punch you in the throat," Keith said. Lance put an arm around his shoulders and leaned into him.

"Eh, the musical's done, I can risk it," he said. "Yo, seriously, though, you're going to prom with me, right, babe?"

"Prom's stupid," Keith said. He bumped his hip against Lance's. "And you're late to class."

Lance patted him on the small of his back and left for his sixth-period English class with a, "later, babe!" Lance was better with the whole public affection thing, probably because Lance had never been self-conscious about anything in his life, least of all his sexuality. He'd figured out he was bi in the space of three days and announced it to the whole school as soon as he and Keith got together. He'd recommend you three studies, and a half-dozen youtube videos if you asked him for a definition of bisexuality.

Keith, on the other hand, had known he didn't like girls since he was eight and had spent a good six years terrified that somebody would find out, until Matt came home from college with a boyfriend and Colleen just pulled out the baby pictures like any embarrassing mom would. She couldn't do the same thing with Keith, because he didn't have any baby pictures, but she and Sam invited Lance to Tuesday night family dinners indefinitely.

Lance's mom had taken a bit to get used to it, surprised that he introduced Keith as his boyfriend, considering his many, *many* ex-girlfriends. But Lance's sisters were all great about it, and Mrs. Sanchez was slowly nearing the point where she'd fight anyone if they so much as looked askance at Lance and Keith holding hands.

Prom, though. Keith wasn't sure he could handle the whole school with their eyes on him—Garrison High was a tiny school in a tiny, old-fashioned town, and if there had ever been another gay couple at prom, Keith didn't know about it.

"You look like you just saw a ghost," Pidge said, when Keith walked into their last class of the day, "but it was like, a really racist ghost from the civil war and it mostly pissed you off."

"No ghosts, just three whole prom-posals," he said, dropping into his chair and rifling through his backpack for the notebook he'd mostly been using to doodle in during the stupid health class he had to take. At least he had Pidge to commiserate with.

"Hah, have fun dealing with whatever Lance decides to do."

"I dunno if I'm gonna go," Keith said, curling the corner of his notebook cover around his pen. "I just—you know, I never thought about me going to prom. With anybody."

"Eh, I mean, same here," Pidge replied. "Matt went, with friends and stuff. You should do it, though, it'll make Lance happy, and mom'll take pictures and rent you a tux and stuff."

Keith frowned and flipped his notebook to a blank page so he could start scribbling something out in the margin. "I dunno. Lance just, kind of said it like he assumed we were going together."

"What, you want him to buy you flowers?"

The teacher hushed them before Keith could reply, but all things considered, flowers would be kind of nice.

He and Pidge rode home with Lance after class, and Pidge told Lance about a lot of diseases you got if you smoked cigarettes, while Lance complained about Jane Austen. He had his hand on Keith's knee instead of the gear shift, and when Lance pulled into a driveway and pulled Keith in for a kiss goodbye, Pidge groaned and gave them an exaggerated eye-roll.

"See you Friday?" he said with a grin.

"Oh, yeah." Keith said. "I mean, I'll see you tomorrow, too. We go to the same school, Lance."

He said it completely straight-faced, but Lance smiled, so he must've gotten the joke. "No, Keith, that was supposed to be like a, 'see you Friday, wink-wink, my mom's not going to be home and we can do things teenagers do when their moms aren't home,' kind of thing," Lance explained.

"Oh, *that*." Keith grinned, and kissed him again. "Yeah, see you Friday for that stuff."

"Sweet. Later!"

Keith watched Lance's blue car pull out of the driveway, and poked his head in the mailbox on the way in the house, flicking through ads and stuff for the Holts, sighing when nothing was addressed to him. "Nothing from Kerberos?" Pidge asked, hitting the nail painfully head-on.

"Nope."

"You'll get in," they said, confident despite the fact that Pidge had gotten a higher score on the SAT as a freshman, without studying, than Keith had gotten senior year with a couple months of study sessions behind him. But, Keith supposed, he shouldn't compare himself to a genius who was gonna graduate high school in 3 years.

"Hope so," he said, because it was all he could say.

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"Things teenagers do when their mom's aren't home" turned out to be making loaded mac n' cheese with extra cheese and watching the Food Network. It was probably exactly what they would've done if Lance's mom was home, except that Keith was sitting on Lance's lap instead of next to him, and they swore at the contestants on Chopped a lot more.

"Oh my god, if this asshole doesn't stop arguing with the judges, I will literally come through the TV and slap him," Lance said. When the guy continued to argue with the judges and Lance did not develop supernatural abilities, he buried his face in Keith's neck and sighed, his breath hot through Keith's T-shirt. "Can you be chopped on this show just for causing secondhand embarrassment?"

"Probably not," Keith said, leaning back heavier against him. Lance locked his hands around Keith's belly, shifting his legs so they were framing Keith's on the ottoman.

The TV cut to commercial and Lance muted it, reaching up to play with Keith's hair. Lance was an expert at making Keith turn into a puddle with just a few scratches at the back of his neck, and he was putting those skills

into play now, carding his fingers through the hair at Keith's temples at a slow, methodical place.

"You know, we're kind of the luckiest teenage couple ever, considering that neither of our parents care that we're home alone together," Lance said. "You'd think at least my mom would care... But, I mean it's not like we do anything."

"We... do things," Keith said. He still had vivid memories of Lance straddling him on the oversized armchair in the basement, giving him hickies that lasted for days, and grinding on them until they both came in their pants. That time where they got down to some serious over-the-clothes touching *in Keith's bed* until Pidge walked in and killed the mood definitely counted as doing something, too.

"Yeah, but it's all been pretty PG-13," Lance said, "which I'm totally down with, don't get me wrong. But it feels weird having my mom like, trust me with a relationship."

"Mm-hm."

Lance gave him a kiss under his jaw. "You okay?"

"I'm fine," Keith said, turning his head and meeting Lance's lips. "Mm, hey, the show's back on," he said, grabbing for the TV remote.

"Yeah, but you're thinking about something," Lance said. "You're worrying about something," he corrected himself.

"I'm always stressed out," he said. "You know, it's senior year, I don't know what I'm doing with my life, haven't gotten accepted to college, and I don't know if I ever will be. Or what I'm gonna do if I'm not. Or what's going to happen to us if you go to KU and I don't."

"Keith, I—hang on." Lance paused the show in the middle of the judges announcing that someone had been chopped. He scooted out from under Keith a little bit, shifting to his side so he could look Keith in the eyes. "Okay. Keith. First of all, I seriously think you're gonna get accepted—"

"I just haven't heard anything, and it's been forever, and Hunk already got his acceptance letter. And you *know* my test scores weren't that great, and my GPA kind of sucks because I got such bad grades freshman, and sophomore year. And, I mean, Sam and Colleen both read my essay and said it was good, but my writing's not great in general, and—I mean, it's Kerberos. You kinda have to be good to get in." He sighed, and looked at Lance, who had been patiently waiting for the end of his tangent.

"One step at a time, babe. I haven't gotten a letter yet, either," Lance said, brushing Keith's bangs out of his eyes.

He took a shaky breath and kept going despite all his logic. "I just don't want to split up if you end up at KU and I stay at home."

"We won't do that!" Lance protested, cocking his head to the side and throwing his hands up like it was a ridiculous idea.

"Yeah, but you broke up with Marissa last summer when she went to college. And I don't think I'd be good at a long-distance relationship. I don't—you know I don't talk to people who aren't right in front of me."

Lance had his hands idly on Keith's forearms, and he curled them a little tighter, frowning and ducking his head. "God, Keith. You just sound like, like if we go to different schools, us breaking up is *inevitable*, or something." His voice cracked halfway through and he sat back a little, away from Keith. He reached up to rub the tip of his nose, and looked somewhere around Keith's left shoulder.

"I mean, that's how dating is, you either break up or you fall in love, right?" Keith asked.

Lance shrugged. "I guess you could say that," he said, "so, um. I'm kind of worried about where you think I am with this, because I'm definitely on the falling in love with you side of things."

Keith was shocked into silence for a long moment. When he finally came back to the land of the present, his first idea was to just grab Lance and kiss him, but Lance deserved his words, deserved to hear it back. He hugged

Lance instead, felt tears at the corners of his eyes, because he didn't say this kind of thing. Didn't know how. The words stuck in his chest, like his pounding heart was hammering them back in.

Lance hugged him back, full-body, both his arms and his legs around Keith. "It's okay if you don't say it back," Lance said. "But I just wanna know—I wanna make sure, that you didn't think I don't love you just because we haven't had sex yet."

With how often Lance used to brag about his (infrequent and seemingly unimpressive) sexual exploits with whatever girl he was with at the time, it was no surprise that Lance would think that was running through Keith's head.

"No, I—no. Lance, I just." He paused, took a breath, and leaned back, not entirely able to look Lance in the eyes as he continued, but he pressed his forehead to Lance's and kept going. "You know I don't say that kind of stuff a lot—I didn't used to hear it at all, before the Holts." Another breath. He opened his eyes and finally met Lance's. "But, seriously. Lance, I love you a lot, you, you—understand me, you know what I mean when I can't say things right—or when I can't say things at all, you keep me grounded and, I dunno, *stable*."

Lance hugged him again, rocking him back and forth a little. "Oh, come on, you can't say all the nice stuff in your confession when I didn't list off all the stuff I love about you. I didn't even get to monologue about your eyes." Keith laughed, but Lance kept going. "I'm serious! You're so smart, you're like, this secret kind of hysterically funny, and you make me so happy just being with you. I love you," he said, and kissed the corner of Keith's mouth. "I love you," he said again, and met his lips.

He kissed Keith back onto the couch, until Keith had to kick his shoes off. He threw his arms around Lance's shoulders, keeping him pulled in close, and Lance braced one of his forearms against the arm of the couch and his other next to Keith's shoulder, settling slowly onto him to avoid crushing him. It was easy for that slow, sinuous roll to turn into something more, and Lance paused, pushing himself up a little.

"Hey, so about that sex thing."

"About that sex thing," Keith said, squeezing his shoulders. "It's okay if you don't want to—I'm, I mean, I want to, really bad, but I don't want you to do it just because, you know, just because I love you."

Lance let out a high, kind of hysterical laugh. "You're kidding! I didn't know you—I thought you were waiting—I want to—well. Kind of. I'm nervous about it."

It took Keith a second to realize he was probably giving Lance a *look* of some kind. Lance said he talked with his eyebrows. "You are literally the only one here who has a decent reason not to be nervous about it, considering you've actually done stuff before." He dropped his hands to Lance's chest, and flicked his thumb against one of the buttons on his flannel.

Lance sat back a little. "You're a *guy*, it's *different*," he said.

"You're a guy!" Keith protested, "It's not *that* different!"

"I just—" Lance cut himself off and sighed, glancing at the TV, which was still paused mid-judgment. "I'm nervous about. I don't think I can... put something up my butt."

"Jesus fucking christ." Keith flicked Lance in the chin, which made Lance roll his eyes. "You don't have to do that to have sex. Also, what makes you think I wanna be on top?"

Lance shrugged. "I dunno. Maybe I just want you on top of me." He said it with a slow smile. Oh, right. That was flirting. Lance did that sometimes—all the time.

It brought the mood back around, and Keith kissed him, just once, soft and slow. "So, let's go to your room and I'll get on top of you."

Lance bounced up and off him, tripping over one of Keith's shoes and into the coffee table. He banged his knee and swore about it in Spanish, then

recovered with, "so, will this edition of 'Keith and Lance roll around in bed and don't know what they're doing' be rated R for nudity?" Lance asked, already shutting off the TV.

"We know what we're doing sometimes," Keith said.

"I literally just want to know if I should take my shirt off right away or if that would be weird."

"Don't take your shirt off right away," Keith said, "I want to take it off of you."

Lance faked a swoon into Keith, the back of his hand against his forehead and everything. "Yes, hello, I'd like to report the sexiest thing a person has ever said to me."

"Oh my god, it wasn't that good," Keith said, poking him in the small of his back to get him moving. "Come on, let's go upstairs."

If he had more game, he would've kissed Lance on the stairs, used the extra height to tip his head back and bite him a little, but he was pretty sure that would end in both of them falling down the whole staircase. Instead, he just let Lance pull him upstairs by the hand and lead him to his room, not that Keith needed led. Even if he hadn't known which room was Lance's; a hoodie was hanging on the doorknob like a signpost.

Lance's room was a mess—it was always a mess, and Keith tripped over something the minute he walked in. "Why did you put this in front of the door?" he asked, pushing Lance's bookbag out of the way with his foot.

Lance shrugged. "Does it matter?" he asked, sitting down on his unmade bed. He toed his socks off, and, in a move that made Keith's heart try to break open his ribcage from the inside, spread his legs and grinned up at him. Keith swallowed the lump of anxiety that swelled in his throat. He knelt between Lance's legs, hands on his knees, and let Lance kiss his mouth open.

Kissing Lance was easy. It was familiar; Keith knew exactly how Lance liked it, knew when to lean back and let Lance take the lead and when to grab his chin and just go for it. Today was more of the latter, Keith slowly tipping Lance back onto the bed, dipping his head to kiss under his jaw and down his neck. Lance was breathing hard, nails scrabbling over Keith's ribs. It didn't hurt, not through his T-shirt, but he liked the idea that Lance was trying to grab him and hold on.

He eventually found purchase, curling his hands into fists in Keith's T-shirt, stretching it tight over his back. Keith moaned against his neck and Lance switched his grip, pulling his shirt up and over his head.

"God," Lance said, putting his hands on Keith's chest, and then his waist. His palms were hot—not sweaty yet, just overwarm—and he squeezed Keith's hips a little. "You're so hot."

Keith looked down at him, his hair sticking up, fingers still curled in Keith's discarded shirt, smiling and looking perfectly comfortable. Lance emanated confidence in waves, pulling his knees up on either side of Keith's hips, effortlessly gorgeous and calling *him* hot. Keith couldn't believe it. He answered Lance with another long kiss, going with it when Lance pulled him down, letting Keith slowly settle his weight on top of him.

Lance got his hands in Keith's hair, pushing it out of the way so he could reach his neck, kissing with clear intent. "Go lower," Keith said. "You'll be able to see it up there."

"Yeah, I know."

"Lance, I can't come home with hickies all over again, Sam gave me this *look* last time and I thought I was going to die." Keith shoved at his head, and Lance just huffed a laugh and crossed his legs around Keith's, like holding onto him would help his cause at all. "Lance, don't—"

"Fine, fine. But you're seriously worried about a *look*? My mom would straight-up be like, 'Lance, who are you making out with?'" Still, Lance obeyed him and moved lower, biting and sucking on his collarbone instead, putting serious effort into the mark. It was gonna last for days.

When he started on the other side, Keith pushed his head away again. "Come on, no. It's my turn," he said, biting Lance a little hard just to piss him off. It didn't work, well, didn't irritate him—Lance just moaned and tipped his head back further, Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. He rolled his hips against Keith's like it was just an instinct, and Keith had to let out a shaky breath against his neck.

Lance pushed back on his chest so he could sit up and reach behind himself to pull his shirt off, revealing the muscle mass he'd started gaining since the school opened up the new indoor pool. Lance wasn't good enough for swim team, but he lifeguarded every summer and came back to school every August so dark, Keith looked anemic by comparison. Lance was already working up to his usual tan, because he'd been running too, and Lance did his running shirtless.

"You like the view?" Lance asked, and Keith realized he'd been staring.

He frowned, because it was either that or blushing and stuttering. "Shut up."

"You know, you *can* admit you find me attractive," Lance said, "I mean, you say it pretty well with all the staring and the kissing, but I *am* your boyfriend."

"Are you fishing for compliments? Now? Seriously?" Keith asked, and Lance tilted his shoulders, ducked his chin so he could look up at Keith through his lashes.

"Tell me I'm pretty," Lance said, and Keith just kissed his neck again. Lance made a noise like he was breathing out so hard, his exhale had voice to it. He wound his fingers in Keith's hair and tipped his head back, like he was baring his throat.

It was mostly just because he liked to be kissed there, but Keith kind of liked the concept of Lance being *submissive* instead of meeting him blow for blow. Not that they got into many fistfights these days. It was mostly playful wrestling that ended with Lance's butt in his lap, and Lance's mouth on his.

Keith kissed Lance's throat and could feel his vocal chords vibrate as he moaned a little. He had his hands on Lance's biceps, nervous to move them anywhere else.

Lance was the one who finally got things going, pulling on his wrists and moving Keith's hands in a gentle slide down his chest and stomach, until the heels of Keith's hands met Lance's waistband. Lance kissed him while he did it, a little sloppier than before, and he bit Keith's bottom lip before leaning back, reaching down between the two of them to very obviously adjust himself. He was wearing track pants that hid exactly nothing, and it was so sexy, Keith was kind of regretting calling him a walking Adidas ad earlier.

"You wanna feel?" Lance asked, his other hand still around Keith's wrist.

"Yeah," Keith said, and it came straight from his chest, rough in a way he didn't know he could be. Lance pulled his hand down *slow*, until Keith could feel his cock, half-hard and getting harder, laying in the crease between his hip and thigh. Keith had felt it before, but that was just awkward fumbling through jeans. This was *intentional*.

"*Yeah*, Keith, that's good," Lance said, pushing his hips up into Keith's loose grip. Keith was just holding him, feeling things out and not really stroking, but apparently that was doing it for Lance.

Until it wasn't, because Lance scooted up the bed and away, rolling off and bouncing across the room to his closet. "Where... what are you doing?" Keith asked.

"Oh. Just getting stuff," Lance said, while he rooted around on the top shelf of the closet, up on his tiptoes. The motion made his pants slip down his hips a little, revealing the "Calvin Klein" printed on the waistband of his boxers. "I hide my condoms and junk up here because my mom can't reach it," he explained.

Oh. Getting *stuff*.

Lance came back with a box of condoms, flipping it over to check the expiration date on the back. "Okay, cool. I thought I bought some after we got together."

Keith was so busy getting over all of *that*, plus the fact that Lance was almost all the way hard and filling out those track pants pretty well, that he nearly missed the bottle in Lance's other hand. "You have lube?"

"Oh, yeah. I use it when I jerk off," Lance said, dropping the stuff on the bed, standing just between Keith's knees, like he wasn't quite sure what to do once he got to this point.

"Me too," Keith said, absently, eyes still locked on Lance's body. "But, you know, not on my dick." He didn't elaborate, because Lance didn't *really* need to know that Keith knew exactly how many fingers he could fit in himself, and right where to make it feel *good*.

"What do you—oh. *Oh*. Wait, so like, you know how to do butt stuff?"

"Yeah," Keith dragged out the word, because he couldn't figure out where the hell Lance was trying to get him to.

Lance was suddenly looking very serious, and he sat on the bed next to Keith. "So you, uh, know how to make it feel good?"

Keith had a sudden and very vivid memory of coming so hard he got it in his hair, three fingers deep in his own ass and fantasizing Lance climbing out of the pool, soaking wet and pushing his hair out of his face. God, he was glad he'd changed out of his skinny jeans before coming over here.

"Yeah," he repeated, going red. "At least, for me. I like it." He was blushing all the way down his chest now.

"Do you think you could show me?" Lance stepped closer and put a knee on the edge of the bed, the same kind of determination on his face he got when he found a new song he wanted to learn.

"I thought you didn't want to do butt stuff!"

"Well, yeah, but that was before I knew that you knew how to do it," Lance said. "Now I kinda want to try it."

"Okay, we can try it," Keith said, "just maybe not the first time. Because I really don't want to stop for you to get in the shower."

"Shower...? Oh, fuck. I didn't think about that part."

Keith shrugged. "It's not that hard," he said, and Lance sniggered.

"Except, it is," he said, laying a hand on Keith's thigh, creeping upward. "Can I touch you?"

Keith nodded. "Yeah," he said, and that was all it took for Lance to scoot up, one of his knees nudging Keith's thigh, the other leg set behind Keith's back, and start groping him. His hands felt good, his long fingers sure, stroking over him easily. Lance had situated himself sort of behind Keith, so his motions probably matched what Lance did when he jerked off—and that made Keith go a little crazy, dropping his head back onto Lance's shoulder and pushing his hips up into Lance's hand.

Lance pinched the waistband of Keith's sweats between two fingers. "You wanna lose these?"

"Only if you take yours off, too."

Lance urged Keith up and off him, and Keith got to his feet while he watched Lance just lift his hips off the bed and tug his pants down, kicking them haphazardly to the floor.

Keith was glad he'd issued the challenge, because he got a good look at Lance's (long, *long*) legs splayed out on the sheets, the outline of his dick so clear in his boxer-briefs that Keith swore he could see the vein on the underside.

"Do you shave your legs?" Keith asked, even though Lance clearly did, because Keith ran his hands up Lance's calves and they were completely hairless.

"Yeah, I started doing it for swimming when I was on that local team the summer between freshman and sophomore year, and then I just kind of kept doing it. Why? You like it?"

Keith bent and kissed him on the inside of his knee. "Mm-hm. It feels good," he said.

"It'll feel better when I have my legs around your waist and you're fucking me," Lance said, and Keith's mouth honest-to-god dropped open for a second. Lance was grinning.

"You can't just say shit like that!"

"Aww, you're into dirty talk," Lance said, "that's pretty good, I mean, I have a big mouth and I literally do not ever shut up, *especially* during sex." Keith tripped getting out of his sweats, but Lance caught him, giggling. "Watch yourself, buddy," he said, cuffing Keith on the shoulder like they were just sitting at the lunch table, not almost-naked and about to—shit, if Keith thought about it too much, he'd freak himself out, so he just straddled Lance's lap and kissed him again.

Keith was expecting Lance to kiss back, and he was expecting it to be hot and dirty and accompanied by Lance's hands all over him. It was. Keith wasn't expecting the part where he kind of ended up sitting with his dick right against Lance's, and Lance rolled his hips forward, pressing them together, and *oh, fuck*, it took *effort* not to come right there. Keith thought he was over the part where just having Lance touch his dick got him off, but apparently there were new and exciting ways Lance could make him completely unable to last.

Lance broke the kiss, breathing hard against Keith's lips. "Holy shit, that's *good*," he said. "I mean, I know we've done this, but we had jeans on and—Keith, can we—I want to, I need to *feel you*." He slipped his hand into the back of Keith's boxers and squeezed his ass for emphasis, which just made Keith jump forward and grind his cock against Lance's again. That one was mostly an accident, but Lance hid his face in Keith's shoulder and moaned anyway.

"Yeah, let me just—*fuck*." Moving, it turned out, meant he rubbed against Lance more, and half of it was Lance's fault, because instead of backing up and leaving them space to get naked, he was just pressing himself against Keith and laying kisses down his shoulder.

Eventually, Keith backed up enough that he had room to pull his boxers off and chuck them on the floor, where they were probably gonna get lost among all Lance's dirty clothes that were down there. When he looked back, Lance was completely naked, and Keith would've been embarrassed about staring right at his cock if Lance wasn't giving him the same treatment.

Keith straddled him again, and Lance hooked his hands behind Keith's knees to pull him closer, slow and careful. "Hey, so," Lance said, pressing his forehead to Keith's and sliding his hands up to Keith's thighs, "if you touch me, I'm probably just gonna lose it. So, fair warning and all—I can't last."

He huffed out a laugh. "Fair warning—I almost came already, so."

"Ha, I'm going to win," Lance said. It was without his usual arrogant smirk, though, because apparently Lance's face couldn't do smug and aroused at the same time. Keith was glad, because if anyone was able to do that, it'd be his boyfriend.

"S not a contest, you weirdo," Keith said, trailing his thumbs down Lance's hipbones. They were sharper than his own, making a defined V that led straight to his cock, which was so hard it was dripping onto his stomach.

"Touch me," Lance said, "please, god, just touch me."

Oh, shit. The begging did it for him good, like a punch to the gut, if a punch to the gut could just about send you into orgasm. Keith bent his head and kissed the edge of Lance's jaw, then said, "say please again," into his ear.

Lance bit his lip and then obeyed, a particularly whiny, "*fuck, please, Keith*," and Keith wrapped a hand around him, sliding it slow, from base to tip, pressing his thumb against the head as he moved. Lance let out a

breathy moan that, if Keith didn't know how overwhelmed he was, he would've thought was fake. "Faster, baby," Lance begged, his own hand on Keith's cock, jerking him like he hoped Keith would catch up.

Keith matched Lance's pace, that is, until Lance let go of him because he was grabbing Keith by the shoulder and the back of his neck instead, pulling him into the messiest kiss of his life. Keith stopped moving his hand because he didn't know how to kiss Lance and touch him at the same time, but Lance thrust into the circle of his fingers a couple more times and then came down Keith's wrist, swearing into his mouth.

That was it for him, he'd officially died and passed on to whatever kind of afterlife was out there. Except that Lance was pulling him close and stroking him, while he led him into another series of weird half-kisses where neither of them could close their mouths enough that it was anything resembling a kiss. They just needed to be close.

"God, Lance, I'm so—just a little more, baby, I'm gonna—"

"I know," Lance said, and he put his forehead against Keith's, giving him a burning stare. "I've got you."

That was all he needed to finish, and he wasn't sure if he swore, or yelled Lance's name, or just moaned. His ears felt muffled all of a sudden, like he needed to pop them, just because of the head rush. Lance was kissing his cheek and the corner of his lips, and he was giggling a little, like he couldn't help it.

"Um, we're kind of a mess," Keith said.

"*That's* the first thing you say? Not, 'wow, Lance, you totally just blew my mind back there,' or, 'I love you, baby, and we should totally cuddle and stuff,' or anything?"

"Yes," Keith said. Lance rolled his eyes and grabbed a box of tissues that were... on the floor, for some reason. "But, I liked the part you said about the cuddling and stuff."

They got themselves cleaned up, but Keith's breath still hadn't slowed to a normal pace. His legs felt kind of shaky. Also, something hit him in the head. That was because Lance had thrown a pillow at him.

"Dude, don't get dressed already!"

Keith, who was in his boxers, frowned. "What if your mom walks in?"

"She's not back 'til Sunday," Lance said. "Come on. Have naked cuddles with me, don't ruin the afterglow."

Keith didn't think he was ruining anything by putting his clothes back on, but he got into bed, still in his boxers. He wasn't taking those off. Lance pulled the blankets over them, and he kissed Keith gently, probably because both of their mouths were kind of sore. Which was ridiculous. Keith couldn't believe he'd kissed Lance so much it *hurt* after.

Lance ducked his head under Keith's chin and took a deep breath. When he blew it out, Keith got goosebumps, not because it was cold, but just because of the shivery feeling. "So. You feel like a changed man?" Lance asked.

"What?"

"You know, about handing in your V-card," Lance said, which made Keith wish he wouldn't say it like that.

"Does that... count?"

"I think anything that involves getting naked with another person and doing stuff that ends in both of you coming, counts as sex," Lance said.

Keith laughed, and it ruffled Lance's hair. "Yeah, then, I guess that counts."

"So. You feel any different?" Lance had his hand on Keith's side, moving slow like he was trying to count his ribs.

"Not really," Keith said. "Just good. Just—happy. And kind of crazy in love with you."

"Good!" Lance cheered. "Me too." He pulled Keith down for a couple more kisses. And those turned into Keith laying on top of Lance, and, at Lance's request, giving him a very obvious hickey that was one-hundred-percent going to make Hunk ask him how he hurt himself. Keith decided he'd leave those uncomfortable conversations for later, and instead, he took his time with Lance. The whole bed smelled like them, now, and not just Lance's cosmetics, it smelled like—well, Keith had to guess that it smelled like sex.

"Hey, so, I have an idea," Lance said. "And my idea is that I go take a shower, and then I come back, and you show me the butt stuff."

"Bad idea. If you leave me alone here, I'll probably have enough time to freak out," Keith said. He pressed his mouth over the mark on Lance's neck, and felt Lance's fingertips on the matching one on Keith's collarbone.

"Shower with me, then," Lance suggested, his fingers in Keith's hair again.

"You're gonna try something," Keith said.

"I won't try anything."

"No, you're totally going to try something and then fall over and bust your ass." Keith could see it already.

Lance sighed, and Keith could feel his ribcage expand and contract under his hands. "Will not. I've got those sticky dots on my shower floor and everything."

Keith propped himself up on his elbows and proposed a compromise. "Okay, well how about you shower and I just chill in the bathroom and talk to you?"

"Yeah, okay, lemme up," Lance said, wiggling out from under him. His elbow bumped into the box of condoms. "Aww, damn. Didn't even use these. Well. Round two."

Lance apparently couldn't walk down the hallway naked, which was probably just a habit born of having three sisters and his mom living in the

house, so he pulled on his track pants before heading for the bathroom. Keith put his T-shirt back on because he was cold, but he didn't bother with his sweats. Lance was just going to take them off again, anyway.

The upstairs bathroom was huge, with double-sinks and a seperate tub and shower. It was clear which side of the vanity Lance used, because the left side had products scattered all over it, and, hey, was that one of Keith's hairbands? He snorted under his breath and slipped it over his wrist.

Keith sat on the edge of the tub, which was cold through his boxers, and watched the abstract mosaic the shower door made of Lance. "I thought you were going to talk to me about stuff," Lance said, a little loud so he could be heard over the water.

"I don't know what to say," Keith admitted.

"Oh, come on. We talk all the time, that's not gonna change just because you've seen my junk."

"But you're in the shower, and I'm—" *thinking about how naked you are.*

"You could take a bath," Lance suggested.

"I'm not taking a bath."

There was a moment of silence, then Lance said, like he was realizing it suddenly, "shit! We didn't even get to see whether that asshole got chopped."

"Oh, yeah, we didn't," Keith said. "We'll have to watch the rest later."

Lance took competitive food television very seriously, and while Keith didn't get it, he found the Food Network almost as entertaining as Lance's obsession with it. Hunk was even worse than Lance, and the two of them held a yearly cooking competition which only they ever participated in. Lance had been trying to convince Keith to be one of their judges, but Keith didn't think taht was fair.

"Do you think I could win Chopped if they did one of those competitions where they bring all teenagers on?" Lance asked.

"No, but I think Hunk would win," Keith said.

"That's fair." He heard the shower shut off, and he didn't know why he tried not to look at Lance when he got out. "Aww, c'mon, baby, you can't be getting shy now," Lance said, and Keith laughed.

"I'm not, I just—I don't know what I was doing," he said.

Lance had a towel around his hips, probably more because the empty house was kind of cold than anything. With the window open, it was cool enough that steam didn't even condense on the mirror.

Keith watched him go through his routine, putting on moisturizer and spraying leave-in conditioner in his hair. When he glanced at the open shower door, he could see Lance's giant blue loofah, hung on a shower organizer that was holding more bottles than Keith thought one boy needed in his shower. He knew Lance didn't share with anyone, not when his sisters weren't home.

"Okay," Lance said, turning around and leaning with his butt against the sink. "I'm still hella nervous about this, so don't laugh at me, alright?" he said. He was kind of flushed, and it wasn't just from the shower.

"I won't," Keith promised.

"Cool. Thanks. Uh, we should probably go back to my bedroom, where all the lube we didn't use is," Lance said, and Keith opened the door for him with as much dramatic flair as he could muster. Lance, who appreciated the gesture, curtsied with his towel and said, "thank you, my good sir, now come into my—wait, what's the fancy word for bedroom?"

"Budoir."

"That can't be right."

Keith followed Lance into his still-very-unfancy bedroom, and didn't trip over anything this time. "Hey, we've actually got to turn the lights on this time," Keith said, "I kind of need to see what I'm doing."

Lance leaned over to flick on the lamp, and Keith couldn't resist pulling on his towel. He was trying to just make it slip down a little bit, but it fell off completely, and Keith went with it, snatching it away and holding it out of reach while Lance grabbed for it. "Come on, give it back!" Lance yelled, clambering all over him to reach for the towel.

"And you complained about me not wanting to be naked," Keith said, still holding the towel far enough that Lance couldn't reach it. After a few more attempts, Lance overbalanced himself and fell on top of Keith, landing right in his lap. "Hey?" Keith said, trying desperately not to laugh at him.

"Hello, this is my really excellent seduction," Lance said, rolling over so he was facing Keith. "How am I doing?"

"Well, you're cute, so you've got that going for you," Keith replied. He pulled Lance up into a sitting position and Lance tucked his hands under his knees, laying his head on top of them. He looked like a fancy old nude painting with the backlighting from the lamp making his wet hair shine. "Yeah, it's working," Keith corrected himself, leaning forward and sliding his hand down the length of Lance's leg.

Lance uncurled himself at Keith's touch, reaching for him. They kissed slower this time, but no less passionately, and it had Lance climbing on top of him in minutes. He smelled nice, just out of the shower, and his hair dripped in little rivulets down his neck. Keith licked one off, and it tasted like shampoo. He wasn't doing that again.

This time, Keith was laying back onto the bed, Lance on top of him and dripping water onto his T-shirt. "Why the hell," Lance said, between kisses, "did you put this back on?"

"S cold," Keith said, letting Lance push his T-shirt up to his armpits. Lance kissed him and ground against him until they were both hard, and that didn't take much effort. Keith was still in his boxers, and Lance pulled them down

so that his cock was sticking out, which somehow felt more vulgar than being naked.

Lance stroked him, looking down like he was watching every single one of Keith's reactions. Not that gasping and sweating and tangling his hands in the bedsheets was very attractive. "How would you feel about me taking a solid five minutes to google how to give head?"

"Don't do that," Keith said. "I mean, not right now."

"You think I should just go for it?" Lance bent down like he was gonna, but Keith held his shoulder.

"I think if you want me to be coherent enough to do things to your ass, you shouldn't just go for it."

"Oh, come on, I wouldn't be that good," Lance said, sitting up. "Okay, so. What's the best way to do this?"

Keith thought about it, and then sat back against the headboard. "I think if you get on my lap, I can get a pretty good angle," he said, and Lance nodded, grabbing the lube and tossing it in Keith's general direction, along with the box of condoms. They landed on top of one of Lance's half-dozen pillows. "Okay, so just put your knees on either side of my hips, and... hm. Do you think this would be easier if we were laying down?"

"Well, I mean, it's not like I'm looking forward to sitting up on my knees like that for, uh, however long it takes to do this," Lance said. He rubbed the middle of Keith's forehead because his eyebrows were scrunching up. "You okay?"

"I'm just thinking," Keith said, "I want to be able to see your face."

"Okay, I'll just—" Lance lay down with his head on the pillows, on his side, facing Keith, and he demonstratively lifted one of his knees. "Can you do it like this?"

"That should work," Keith said, scooting down until he was eye-level with Lance. He grabbed the bottle of lube and popped the cap open, the snap sounding like a thunderclap in the near-silent room. Lance was clearly nervous to feel Keith's slick fingers on his ass; he was breathing fast and shallow, and his eyes kept flickering down like he'd be able to see what was happening. "You gotta relax," Keith said, "I swear, if you don't, it's not gonna feel good." He spoke from experience.

Lance tried to take a deep breath, but it shook. "Okay, okay, I'm just kind of psyching myself out, I can do this," he said.

"Are you sure?" Keith met his eyes.

"No, but. If I tried to tell you all the times I did something I wasn't sure about, we'd be here a week. I'm ready, you can do it," he said.

"Okay, take a deep breath, and when you breathe out, I'm gonna—you know."

Lance obeyed, and Keith got a finger in him, but god, he was tight. Tighter than Keith had been when he was doing it to himself, and he shifted so he could put his other hand on Lance's dick, hoping that would distract him enough that he wouldn't get so tense. He wasn't completely hard anymore, but neither was Keith. "How does it feel?" he asked, not trying to move.

"Weird," Lance said, "kind of like, I dunno. It's not sexy or anything."

"I gotta find your prostate before it gets sexy," Keith said. He moved in a little deeper, and Lance drew in a quick breath.

"Keith," he said, spitting the words out fast, "I don't know if I can do this. I don't think I like it."

Keith immediately pulled out, letting his hand rest on Lance's thigh. "We can stop," he said, "or we can do what we did before, that felt good."

Lance groaned in frustration and ducked his head under Keith's chin. "I'm sorry, babe," he said, "I really wanted it to work, and like, conceptually, the

idea of you fucking me sounds great, but. I can't. I'm sorry," he said again.

"You don't have to—I'm sorry I couldn't make it feel good for you," Keith said, kissing the damp crown of Lance's head. "Hey," he continued, putting his lube-free hand under Lance's chin to tip his face up, "you wanna see me do it to myself?"

Keith couldn't believe the words coming out of his own damn mouth. Three days ago, he'd been driven to silent self-consciousness over Lance asking him to a school dance, of all things, and now he was offering to masturbate in front of him.

And his offer wasn't going to go unappreciated, it seemed. Lance's eyes went wide, and it took him a second to find words. Imagine that, Lance, speechless. "Yes. Oh my god, yes. That's really hot."

"Cool," Keith said, and then immediately wished he'd said something less lame. "I gotta go wash my hand off, first. And clean up, and stuff." Yep, something less lame definitely would have come in handy there, too. At least he could duck into the bathroom and try to think of something actually sexy to say.

When he came back in, hands smelling like Lance's lemon sorbet soap, Lance was on his laptop, completely nude in his desk chair. "Are you googling something about blowjobs?" Keith asked.

"Maaaybe."

Keith walked over and pushed Lance's laptop closed, then completely forgot the line he'd come up with in the bathroom. "Um. Bed?" Sure, let's go monosyllabic on this one, great job, Keith.

He stopped mentally berating himself when Lance started kissing him, though, because Lance was smiling into his kisses and he had his hands in Keith's hair already. Keith was starting to think Lance either had a thing for that, or he'd realized Keith had a thing for it. Keith ended up straddling him in a mirror of what they'd done earlier that night, and he was immediately more at ease. The *setbacks* from earlier had only dampened the mood a

little, and it was only minutes before Lance was scrambling back to lay in his nest of pillows and throwing the lube at Keith again. This time, Keith actually caught it.

"Where do you want me?" Keith asked, complete confirmation that he was absolutely doing this to show off for his boyfriend.

"Wanna see your face," Lance said.

Easy enough. Keith only sat back a little, his knee against Lance's thigh, Lance's hand on his hip, just petting him idly. Like he was trying to soothe him, or something. "I, um. Kind of do this a lot," he said, getting his fingers slick and reaching around behind himself. It was easy enough to get one in, but he had to spread his thighs more to fit two, and it felt so *lewd* doing this in front of someone, even if that someone was Lance. That didn't make him any less into it, though. If anything, it made him hotter.

He closed his eyes and concentrated on making himself feel good, going through all the familiar motions. "*Fuck*," he breathed when his fingers brushed his prostate. It was hard for him to reach the right spot when he was reaching behind himself like this, always easier if he was laying back and could curl his fingers up to find it. But right now, even just that gentle brush had him more keyed-up than it would have.

"Holy fuck," Lance said, "you really like that, don't you?"

"Yeah." Keith felt something move on the bed and he opened his eyes to find Lance was moving his legs so he could get better access to jerk off. Keith paused, because the idea that Lance was getting off to this was enough to make him want to grab his cock and come right there—it wouldn't take long, either.

"You look so sexy like this," Lance said. "God, you're so *hard*."

Keith had to laugh a little at that. "Yeah, Lance, I'm getting myself off, of course I'm hard."

"Yeah, but it's just from fingering yourself," Lance said, "you haven't touched your dick once—how does it feel so good for you?"

"Practice," Keith said, his voice a little raw. He sank back this time, moving his hips instead of his fingers, because he thought it would look better for Lance, and it must have, because Lance grabbed the base of his cock hard and moaned. "You wanna try?" Keith asked.

"I think once is enough for the night," Lance said, shaking his head.

"No, do you want to touch me?" Keith handed him the lube, because he wasn't an asshole who threw lube at people, and Lance looked at it and back at Keith like he had suddenly forgotten what it was for.

Lance's breath came out in a staggered rush, and his hand went tight around the base of his dick again. "God, yes. Show me how," he said.

"Get your first three fingers wet," Keith said, because if he was gonna have Lance do this to him, he was gonna have Lance do it to him *good*. He swung one leg over Lance's lap, and was suddenly struck with the idea that he could probably ride him like this. But he was pretty sure if he did that, Lance would come before he got a condom on. They'd go for that later, when they got a little more experience.

"Okay, now what?" Lance asked, holding his hand awkwardly, trying not to drip lube everywhere. He'd used way too much, so it was a serious concern.

"Start with your middle finger," Keith said, "you just, uh. Stick it in. But not all the way, and try to curl your finger up, okay?"

There was that determined face again. If Lance hadn't asked him not to, Keith would've laughed.

He went slow, looking at Keith's face the whole time to make sure everything was okay. Everything was definitely okay. Keith put his now-free hand around his cock, and when he stroked himself, it was enough to get him leaking pre-come onto Lance's thigh.

"Oh, fuck," Lance said, "this was a great idea. This was the best idea we've ever had. I love you."

"You can put two in," Keith said. He'd had two in himself before he decided to let Lance try, and Lance was, again, diligently slow sliding his index finger in alongside his middle. "Okay, now, um. You've done this with a girl, right?"

Lance easily caught his direction, and started moving his fingers, in and out, at a slow pace that was getting faster. He was almost, but not quite, hitting Keith's prostate on every stroke—would've been in just the right place if he curled his fingers a little more.

"Is that okay?" Lance asked.

"Curl them up more," Keith said, "do it like you're kind of trying to push against the base of my dick from inside. That's—that's close. Little lower—*fuck, fuck fuck.*"

"Oh, that was right," Lance said, sounding like he was just cheering himself on. He did it again, and Keith's thighs shook a little with the effort of keeping himself from just collapsing.

"Fuck, yes, that was—*Lance*—that was right." He curled his hand around the back of Lance's neck and pulled him into a kiss, trying to tell him how *good* it was.

Keith shifted down a little, so he was close enough that he could take Lance's cock and his in one hand, and *that* was a great idea. He pushed the head of his cock against Lance's, and Lance pushed into him at just the right time, so everything in him tensed all at once, pulled tight like a bowstring, and snapped. He barely made any noise, used to sharing a wall with Pidge, and he heard Lance gasp, like Lance was actually *surprised* that Keith was coming.

And then, Lance just kind of fell back against the pillows, tipping his head back. "Oh my god, oh my *god*, I can't believe I just made you come from that, Keith, can you—?"

He could. He flopped onto his side, put his head on the pillow next to Lance's shoulder, and put his hand on Lance's cock, which was wet with his own come. Lance pushed against him, fucking his fist as hard as Keith was stroking him, and he moaned and swore softly, his head tilted to the side so it was mostly muffled by the pillow.

He only got loud enough to be understandable when he was almost there, and it was, "Keith, baby, I'm close, I'm so close, kiss me, baby, please," and Keith was helpless to do anything but obey.

Lance kissed him once, twice, saying, "I love you, I love you," between each one, and then it was just, "I—*fuck*," and his nails dug into Keith's shoulder while he came between them. Keith pulled him in to kiss him after, putting his arm around Lance's back and his leg behind Lance's knees, trying to get him closer.

There was a long moment where the two of them just lay there, warm hands skating over each others' bodies, trading smiles. It was one of those times where the rest of the world just disappears, and Keith thought he'd only felt that one other time, when Lance first told him he wanted to be his boyfriend. Their first kiss.

The kiss Lance gave him now was probably their three thousandth, and it was a silly, exaggerated smooch on the lips, and Keith was still laughing when Lance rolled off the bed and complained that they'd have to clean everything up again.

That night, Keith fell asleep with Lance warm at his back, one of Lance's hands in his, resting over his sternum. This was what it was gonna be like every night when they went to college together and they had a room to share—if that happened. The 'if' part still got him. But for now, he had Lance murmuring in his sleep and cuddling just a little closer to him, pressing his mouth to Keith's shoulder like even in his sleep, Lance wanted to kiss him.

He woke up the next morning wondering why there were so many pillows in his bed, and why he was staring at a box of condoms. It only took him a second to realize it was Lance's bed, and he batted the box off and onto the

floor—they didn't even use 'em, so what was the point. "Lance," he called, his voice morning-scratchy. "Where'd you go?"

"I'm downstairs!" Lance hollered, and Keith groaned, because he wanted to do anything but get out of bed. He finally pulled himself out of the warm blankets, putting his hair up with the elastic that was still around his wrist.

Keith pulled his sweats from last night back on, sans boxers, because he wasn't wearing those two days in a row. "I'm borrowing one of your shirts," he yelled down the stairs, rifling through Lance's unorganized drawers until he found a T-shirt that wasn't from drama club. It had the logo of the local pool Lance lifeguarded at, which was even more boyfriend-shirt, but Keith didn't mind. He went downstairs without stopping by the bathroom, because his toothbrush was still in his backpack, which was sitting by the couch in the living room still.

"Morning, babe," Lance said, a bit preoccupied with the recipe book in front of him.

"Hey," Keith said, stepping up behind him and hugging him for a long time. He only let up when Lance turned around in his arms, and then he just hugged him tighter. He wasn't sure how long they stayed like that, only that Lance's head jerked up abruptly and he craned his neck to stare at the stove.

"Shit! How long have those been on there," he said, as if Keith was going to have an answer, and Keith let him go so he could flip the pancakes he'd been making.

"Breakfast and everything?" Keith asked, sitting at one of the barstools attached to the kitchen island. "A guy could get used to this."

"I am the world's best boyfriend," Lance said. "But you can't look. I'm decorating these, and I want it to be a surprise."

"Okay, fine," Keith said, hopping off the barstool and making for his backpack. One clean pair of boxers later, his teeth brushed, he came back to the kitchen. He'd brought enough clothes that he could've changed his shirt, too, but he liked wearing Lance's.

When he sat back down, Lance appeared to be finished fussing with his masterpiece. "Close your eyes," Lance ordered. "For full surprise effect."

Keith rolled his eyes before closing them, opening them back up when he heard a plate clink onto the table in front of him.

"Oh my god. Of course you did that," Keith said, covering his eyes with one hand and laughing so hard, Lance punched him in the shoulder.

"Hey! Answer the pancake question!"

"Yes," Keith said, moving his pinky so he could glance at the stack of pancakes that had "PROM?" spelled out in strawberry slices. Just that got him laughing again, and Lance pulled him in to loudly kiss him on the forehead.

"Good," he said, grabbing another stack of pancakes for himself, and pouring way too much syrup on them. Although, in Keith's opinion, any syrup was way too much.

"Can I eat them now?" he asked.

"Yup, took a picture already," Lance said. And he'd probably posted it on every kind of social media he had, and tagged Keith in it as many times as he could.

They ate quietly, because pancakes were best enjoyed with a nice view out the kitchen window and a game of footsie under the table. Keith was putting the plates in the dishwasher when he turned to Lance and just said, "thank you."

"For?" Lance asked, leaning back against the counter.

"I know I said prom is stupid, but I kind of wanted you to ask me in a cute way," Keith admitted, putting his hands in Lance's when he reached for them. Lance pulled him close and just kissed him on the cheek, then leaned the side of his head against Keith's.

"Thank god, because I was actually nervous about that," he said.

"Love you so much," Keith sighed, and Lance reached up to rearrange Keith's bangs.

"You too, doofus."

Keith leaned against him, all his breath going out of him in a rush. He didn't think he'd ever felt as home as he did now, standing in Lance's kitchen, being kissed by the man who loved him. Lance leaned back slowly, his face a picture of joy. Keith was gonna remember that look forever. And, as Lance ran his thumb over Keith's lower lip, he realized he was making the same face.

"Oh!" Lance said, out of nowhere, "we need to finish Chopped!"

Keith curled up around him on the couch, ignored the twelve whole texts Pidge had sent him asking where he was, then coming to the conclusion that he was at Lance's, then speculating what he was doing at Lance's. "Hey, look here," he said, during a commercial break.

Normally, Keith didn't take selfies, but he thought he was going to keep this one.

Author's Note:

So, can you tell I'm ready for Season 4?

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons, or on my brand-new writing tumblr @bambi-simmons, where all my fanfiction and nanowrimo stuff is going to live.